

Down the Rabbit Hole

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Summary: She didn't care that he was taller than her, or that he was clearly far better at dueling than she was. None of that mattered when she was under the scrutiny of a cold-blooded murderer. Tomione. One-shot. AU.

Down the Rabbit Hole

She pressed her wand hard against his throat, feeling both unease and anger swelling like angry vipers in her chest. Her heart was thrumming rapidly, pumping much needed blood and adrenaline through her veins as she stared hard into his dark eyes. They gleamed with something dark—ominous and predatory. It wasn't the eyes of a normal young man. It wasn't the eyes of the innocent boy that had cared deeply—or seemed to care—about her performance in classes. These eyes were wrong. And the unease that was only a trickle—just a smidge in the beginning, seemed to grow more prevalent with the lingering silence.

She was not supposed to draw her wand on a fellow student, let alone the Head boy, but there was something strange—something she had only suspected of before but completely shoved aside. "You did it, didn't you," she finally choked out, her throat contracting uncomfortably with her words. "You killed Myrtle," she continued, steeling her nerves before pressing her wand deeper into his throat. She channeled as much of her anger as she could into her eyes, trying to wean out the shock and the unease that fluttered in her mind. "How dare you come here, a-and try to pretend like there was nothing wrong with what you did," she hissed, taking a step closer to him despite the screaming in her mind to get away.

"Are you going to turn me in, Hermione?" it was the first thing he had said since she had found him near Myrtle's body. It wasn't really a damning act, to find a body, but it wasn't that fact alone that had her jabbing her wand as hard as she could to his throat. It was the

cold laugh that had left his lips at the sight of the crumpled girlâ€”it was the cold in his eyes, and the cruel twist of his lips while he caressed the side of Myrtle's arm.

She wasn't in the room with Tom Riddle the poor orphan, or even Tom Riddle the Head boy. She was in the room with a callous monster, and she was sure that she was in over her head when he tilted his head to look at her from where he stood beside Myrtle's body. He looked at her as if she were a simple inconvenienceâ€”not an actual threat. She wasn't stupid, and she knew she should have ran the moment she had found him, but she could not. Her legs were as stiff as boards, her fingers clasped tightly on her wand when he slowly made to move. Hermione, not one to give him any opportunity to disarm her, stepped much closer.

She didn't care that he was taller than her, or that he was clearly far better at dueling than she was. None of that mattered when she was under the scrutiny of a cold-blooded murderer. Her silly crush could not measure up to the genuine hurt and terror she felt in the pit of her belly, and she hissed angrily when his lips quirked into a horrifying grin. "You disgust me," she seethed, jabbing the wood into his throat again when a small laugh escaped his lips.

"Liar," he teased, and Hermione tensed when his hand lifted to caress the wood at his neck. It was gentleâ€”far too gentle for a man with nothing but cruelty in his gaze. There were dark promises flickering in the pools of his eyes, but Hermione paid it little attention when his fingers were casually stroking her wand. "I am everything your little heart desiresâ€”an intellectual equal that you will not find in any of the fools in Hogwarts, a perfect gentlemen that can sympathize and listen to you, and a mystery you can't just help but want to unwrap." She swallowed, fighting the urge to curse him to oblivion.

"I want nothing to do with you. You are not who you were pretending to be, and I was a total idiot for falling for it. I am done with this-"she states, gesturing to Myrtle's body. "I am going to Dumbledore." His eyes seemed to darken at her words, his cruel smile twisting into an ugly grimace that did not fit at all on his face.

"And what makes you think that I'll allow that?" And Hermione jumped quickly away when a curse was soundlessly thrown at her. She landed hard on her side, her wand still in hand, before shuffling to her feet as a second curse was thrown at her. "Expelliarmus," she cried, rolling away from another curse when he deflected hers and shot another in her direction. It was disconcerting to not be able to hear what spell he was castingâ€”she had to rely heavily on the colors to distinguish just what they were, but even then, some were still too obscure to guess.

"Petrificus Totalus" she ducked to the left, but gasped in surprised when it struck her. It was the only spell he had cast out loud, but he had still caught her. She was sprawled on the ground, her back and head aching from the landing. "Expelliarmus," and her wand was taken away from her before she could cast the counter curse. She grit her teeth in panic and rage, unable to move as she watched him move closer to her fallen form.

Her heart was beating hard, and her eyes were wide with panic,

struggling to get away despite being thoroughly cornered. It was completely mental to have stayed rather than run, but despite how logical and practical she wasâ€"she was still a Gryffindor. "Now, what should I do with you?" he mused, his wandless hand rising to cup his chin to mimic a thinking position. "Oh yes, we were in the middle of a discussion," he recalls, walking until he was towering above her with his wand pointed at her.

She scowled, baring her teeth like a wild cat when his lips shifted into a predatory smile. This did not bode well at all. "You seeâ€"we were discussing how much of a liar you are. And an awful one at that," he twirled the wand between his fingers, his eyes sharpening with sadistic pleasure at the sudden look of discomfort coloring Hermione's face. She did not want to talk about this. It was enough already that she had just walked in on him laughing after killing Myrtle. What the fuck was he playing at?

"How is this even relevant!?" she yelled, frustration coloring her cheeks. "You've just bloody killed Myrtle, why are we even talking about me?" He stopped twirling his wand, a strange gleam in his eyes before he was suddenly much too close. He was crouching beside her, his wand pointed directly at her face. She swallowed down her fear, and pooled all her anger to glare at him. "Well, are you going to kill me or not?" she didn't have a death wish, not really. But she was done with the lies, and with this game of cat and mouse. He had played herâ€"convinced her that he was a harmless boy when he was a killer. He had lied to her the entire time, so what difference did it make really? No one knew she was in the bathroom, and there was really no proof to tie him back to Myrtle's death. Or hers, if she didn't make it out alive in the end.

"It almost seems like you want me to kill you, Hermione," he murmured as he smoothed his wand against her cheekâ€"tracing undistinguishable shapes on the flesh. She was flushed with her rage, her brown eyes narrowing in disgust when he did not stop. It was funnyâ€"if this were days earlier, she would have perhaps been elated. She would have been bouncing off the walls with excitement that he had sought her out instead of the other way around. Things were always very much one-sidedâ€"Hermione the one to initiate contact and sometimes, affection. She had hopedâ€"or pined, as Ron would sayâ€"that he would one day return her affections, or acknowledge that he felt the same as her. And it was just absurd that now that the she had his undivided attention, it was because a poor girl had been murdered and she had walked in on it as he laughedâ€"in a rather deranged manner, she might say. It was all bloody ridiculous.

"Look Riddle," she started say. "Tom," he replies, pausing in his movements to look into her bemused eyes. "I think we are beyond such formalities at this point," and Hermione could not repress the groan of irritation.

"Look Tom-," her face pinching as she said the name and caught the delighted look in his eyes. "Stop. I know what you are trying to do and it will not work. You've disarmed me, and you are a murderer. I am not going to play your mind game," she hissed out, watching as he pulled the wand away for a moment to lean in closely to her. Her skin felt like it wanted to crawl into the tiniest crevice in the furthest wall of Hogwartsâ€"the proximity was both intimidating and nauseating. Her palms were starting to sweat profusely from the situation, and when he lowered his wand completely, Hermione felt

herself relax minutely.

And that was when he struck.

His body was over her own before she could properly shout, his hands pressed on the floor at either sides of her head and his knees touching lightly at the sides of her thighs. His eyes were gazing into her own in fascination—the darkness and the flickering lights of the sconces making him look incredibly sinister. The shadows cast on his face made normally sharp features look gaunt—the pallor of his skin giving him an otherworldly look that belonged more to a vampire or demon than a wizard. It was unbearable.

It was a shameful reminder of the many hours she had spent daydreaming of what it would be like to be beneath him. It was a romantic and fairly unlikely fantasy, but it was one she had entertained and it was humiliating to find herself in such a precarious situation. She had wanted this to be them—albeit, in a more romantic and intimate way. And to have a scene she had imagined, planned, and ached for come to life when she wished nothing but to get away from him, was a shock to the senses. She wanted to look away, but could not find it in herself to do so. Her morbid curiosity forced her to look back into his eyes—to the fascinating eyes of a murderer she had once found deep, mysterious, and thrilling. It was far more excitement than she had originally intended, or even wanted.

And what made things far more excruciating was the fact that she had fallen so hard for a boy she hardly even knew. He was not the responsible Head boy that would help her with her prefect duties, or the intelligent, but tortured orphan that greeted her before class. He was a perfect stranger—wearing the face of someone she believed she loved. As much as an adolescent girl could, she thought bitterly. She had become as dimwitted as Lavender, all because of a stupid crush and now, completely disarmed and at the mercy of a killer, all she could think about was how bloody hurt she was that he had lied instead of how disgusted she should truly feel.

"Get off me," she shouted, her face twisted with rage. His eyes darkened—unrelenting and unwilling to look away from her own enraged eyes. It made her want to tear out his eyes so that he could stop looking. It made her want to run far away—she felt naked and exposed despite wearing her uniform. It was completely inappropriate, and—

"No," and then there was a very warm and hard body pressing into her own. She was at a loss of what to say—the conversation ignored completely because he was just too fucking close. "W-what do you think you're doing?" She yelped, feeling heat creep up her cheeks in embarrassment and discomfort. Was she somehow transported into another time or existence when she decided to go to the loo? Was this really what her life had turned to when she had decided to confront, rather than sneak away and tell a teacher, about Riddle having murdered someone?

"What I want. Isn't that obvious, Hermione?" his lips were quirked into his familiar—and too attractive smirk, making her stomach turn in unease, and—no, she was not going to put a name to it. If she named it, it would become real and this was not the time to really delve deep into her own thoughts. "The devil is in the details—you

are not really disgusted at all that I have ended that pitiful girl's life-" she opened her mouth to protest, but closed it quickly when one of his hands moved to play with one of her curls. It seemed innocuous, a fairly innocent gesture, but coming from him, she doubted that. "In fact, I believe you might even be flattered that I have chosen to let you live."

"Shut up," she was seething now. How dare he question her moral standing? How much of a narcissist was he? Hermione was flabbergasted, her mouth opening and closing with the torrent of outrage she wanted to hurl in his general direction. If she could throttle him at that very second, she might have even entertained the idea. Flattered? "How fucking dare you?" she was seeing red, ignoring the satisfied expression on his face. "You bloody narcissist! I would never-," Hermione yelled, again pointedly ignoring the twitch on his lips.

"But you have, it is fairly obvious considering your reactions to my proximity," he replied smoothly, his voice taking on a velvet like quality that would have had her squirming in shame had she not been upset. "You are attracted to a monster" and that is what truly sickens you about this," he removes the hand playing with her hair to gesture at both of them. As if them laying on the ground together was some sort of evidence.

"You're insane. Completely bonkers. I was completely wrong when I thought that you had a brain," if it were not physically impossible, her ears would have been steaming with the heat of her aggravation. His jaw seemed to tick then, the smile losing some of its force at the obvious jab at his intelligence. "God, what was I thinking?" she started to laugh, the sharp note making it more mocking than sincere. His face had completely lost its humor" a hard expression meeting her own mocking one.

She didn't pay any mind to the tensing of his jaw, or to poor Myrtle laying not too far away from where they were. It was the last thing on her mind when bloody fucking Tom Riddle was accusing her of being as depraved as he was. She didn't pay any mind when one of his hands crept up to settle into her hair, or notice that there was something hard poking at her rib cage. "Please, continue to enlighten me about my and I quote "attraction to a monster," sarcasm thick in her voice. "I am fascinated and wondering just how you jumped to that conclu-" her sudden yelp interrupting her tirade as she was momentarily freed from the spell, only to be pinned completely down by his own body. She squirmed, kicking out" finding that she was unable to do any damage when one of his legs slipped between her parted legs. Her hands were yanked brutally above her head to prevent her from harming him, and with a silent muttering, what little freedom she had gained, was taken away.

"I can show you," he murmured incredibly close to her ear, the hairs on his head tickling Hermione's cheek. "It is no difficulty to take my time extracting and collecting all the evidence I need," his lips were moist, breathing a wet heat onto her earlobe that she could not simply pretend did not exist. It was obvious in the warmth when their body's touched, in the hard knee pressed between her thighs, in the weight above hers, in the wetness of his saliva cooling her ear" he was there, and it was no fantasy. It was fucked up. All screwed up, and it was almost like he had seen into her head and plucked out a fantasy she herself had entertained before she had

found out just what he was. She wanted to be sickâ€”but felt too aware of him all the same. "You can deny it all you like, but you cannot lie to me," she was trembling. She wasn't quite sure in _what_Â, but she couldn't stifle the uncontrollable shivers that crawled up her spine and dug its claws into her mind.

"Shall we test it, then?" he wasn't really asking her a question. It was a challenge, and one that she was sure she would not be able to refuse if she opened her mouth. So she did not. He sighed, sounding almost disappointed at her defiance. He moved from her ear to breathe warmly against her neck, a predatory gleam in his eyes as Hermione eyed him warily. He looked away from her neck to look straight into her eyes before smiling ominously, "Very well."

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><p>Author's Note: This is my first time writing for the Harry Potter fandom. I don't know if I nailed their characterizations at all, so some constructive advice would be great. I don't know what I am doing, but this felt right and I hope you all enjoy. I am not the fluffiest writer, so if you're looking for that, you're not gonna find it here. Hopefully, you'll see more of me :D

End
file.